The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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THE RANK AND FILE AGAIN

EDITORIAL remarks which appeared here on July 26 discussed a few problems of Catholic activity in a manner which aroused so much comment that we are returning to the subject. We wish it distinctly understood, however, that no claim is made here to finality or omniscience, and that our wish is to put the question before the house for discussion. Practically everyone grants that something is wrong, many are wholly disgruntled (quite wrongly so, to be sure), and a few have the temerity to believe that investigation can reveal at least some of the trouble.

No doubt the most interesting difference of opinion we noted was that set forth by Mr. Patrick Scanlan in the Brooklyn *Tablet*. Our sole regret is that his article did not appear in our columns, which it would have graced, and so remove the need for quoting too briefly. "We never subscribed to the idea that the Catholic must be summoned and given a commission to do the obvious," he writes, reaffirming his conviction that Mr. Smith ought to have restrained Governor Lehman from vetoing the Kelly-Corbett bill. "What is more, it is our experience that bishops do not want to be bothered with all these extraneous problems. . . . They are busy men and have so many routine affairs that it is impossible to keep familiar with all current issues and to designate time, place, people and programs for initiating certain matters."

This excerpt is so short that it does some injustice to Mr. Scanlan's views as a whole, but must serve as the basis for such comment as we can now make. First, it is not somebody on a magazine who has suggested that Catholic Action is the united effort of the laity under hierarchical direction, but Pope Pius XI himself. Therefore nothing could be more deplorable than the pressure of "routine matters" on the bishops, leaving them no time for the vital contacts with men and

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issues out of which alone effective creative action can come. We know enough bishops to realize what "routine" means to them—endless days of balancing the budget, securing aid for new ecclesiastical projects, straightening out the tangle of clerical appointments. We hope Mr. Scanlan will stay awake some night and think out what his statement implies. In the words of a bishop whose name must remain unmentioned, "I am the president of a firm dealing in spiritual life, whose days are spent auditing books and hiring and firing the personnel."

It is now suggested that the bishops go right on doing and being that forever, while the great ideological and religious debates of the time are only "certain matters" which a layman can, in his own good time, deal with in his own good way. Of course results of value are now and then achieved in this fashion. But church history is dotted with tales of havoc created, from the very earliest times, by "leaders" who have popped up out of the grass. The fact that we Americans haven't as yet our share of the ruins is due simply to a late start. Naturally one does not suggest that each and every kind of activity be ticketed and supervised. So fantastic an application of the *Fuehrerprinzip* is, thank God, abhorrent to Catholic tradition and mentality. The layman must be *urged,* must be coaxed, must above all be permitted, to be what he is, spontaneously and freely—to go ahead with art if he be an artist, and to proceed with the law if he be a lawyer. It is ardently to be hoped that certain European habits of scurrying into a general ecclesiastical flutter every time a new idea appears will never take root over here. But: neither art nor law nor anything else will ever acquire a religious rather than a secular flavor in this country unless the leaders of the Church are interested, sympathetic and well-informed supporters. Catholicism is vigorous only under its great bishops—Augustine, Ambrose, Von Ketteler, Deschamps. No other system of leadership has ever worked anywhere, or ever will work.

Second, the problems of political and social action are much too complex to be settled with less than infinite caution. The present is an era of passion which finds its chief expression in the new theory of the use of national power. Whereas the nineteenth century was an age of science which evoked enthusiasm for the machine and the newer discoveries of cosmic energy, the present century is rapidly becoming more and more deeply interested in the force which seems to be lodged in the civic collectivity. Though the development of this "new Caesarism" be slow in this country, it is an extraordinarily optimistic person who will doubt that the conceptions of government which are now triumphant abroad must forever remain strange to the United States. We need to prepare seriously for a trend which may otherwise catch us sound asleep.

We are convinced, therefore, that any advantages which the Church seeks to get from the State be asked for so openly and concretely that any doubt as to how and why they are obtained is removed from the public mind. Ecclesiastical lobbying is an exceedingly dangerous business. Now it seems to us that any private action by Mr. Smith in favor of the Kelly-Corbett bill would have smacked of underhand method—would have given some people a chance to say that all the Church had to do was to ask the "Governor to see the Governor." If, on the other hand, Mr. Smith had been urged to broadcast a plea for the bill as the incorporation of legitimate Catholic demands, there is every reason to suppose that he would have complied. We do not believe that our cause can profit by investments in political pull of any kind whatsoever.

Much the same thing needs to be said regarding social policy. It seems to us most regrettable that one or the other Protestant Church is rapidly identifying itself with a given program of economic change. There exists for all Christians a fixed code of social ethics, which governs the relations between employer and employee, between professional man and client, between the individual and the group. But to commit the Church to a given reform method is to do what no man has a right to do. One may marshal a whole flock of arguments in support of a monetary or fiscal thesis; one may be thoroughly convinced even that Dr. Townsend has the key to the solution of all human woes. Still it does not follow that one is justified in appending this belief to a papal encyclical, as a kind of private amendment to the Constitution. Catholic Action must not be identified with an economic party any more than with a political party.

Nevertheless times may arise when the Church, safeguarding the moral values cherished by the faithful, may wish to obtain a specific good thing. Here again we believe that action should be corporate and entirely aboveboard. As individuals our thinking on such problems ought to take root in sound and loyal reflection on our moral heritage, to study and expound which to the best of their ability is, of course, the duty of the laity. But we shall be in a sorry mess if all kinds of people strut about appending the sacred name of the Church to notions which are their privilege as citizens, which may be good or bad, but which cannot possibly have any corporate Catholic status. To approve of that seems to us to invite disaster. Even so, what was said at the beginning still holds: Having uttered our sentiments, we shall be interested in the views of our readers and our friends on a subject of such signal importance to us all.

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Week by Week

DURING a week of strange international repercussions, Congress managed to push toward a measure of agreement on several important projects. The new tax bill had the center of the stage, with bonus advocates making a determined effort to append a cash payment order to the law exacting heavier levies. It was apparent, however, that the summer's work was essentially of a political nature. Party clashes of some moment were in the offing, the chief issue being whether Huey Long could invade Southern states other than Louisiana successfully. The President himself planned to lead the fight against the Kingfish in Mississippi and Arkansas; and doubtless it is much to his advantage as a speaker to have some scalping in the higher brackets to his credit. Republicans also were definitely under way. An attack upon Mr. Roosevelt's habit of changing his mind on various matters appeared to be part of a plan to show that the present incumbent of the White House is scarcely to be trusted with so noble a document as the Constitution. Administration forces professed to be scornful of G.O.P. maneuvers, and to think Left-wing demands a more serious political menace. Therewith the nation's most important show, the clash of wits and votes incident to a general election, began to take precedence over other things. A congressional contest in Rhode Island was watched to note the temperature of current loyalty to the New Deal. Last time the Democratic candidate won by 21,000; this year a Republican was far in the lead. This change of electoral sentiment comes as a surprise—we do not know that any political commentator guessed the outcome correctly. No doubt Rhode Island is too individualistic a state to be accepted as representative. But there is reason to believe that the voting may indicate the trend dominant in New England, which has not been the spoiled child of the New Deal. It has been hard pressed to adjust its own industrial situation to the agrarian and social policies sponsored by Mr. Roosevelt.

The Trend of Events

LAST week's editorial discussion of the Olympic games attracted very considerable attention. We shall await further response and take up the subject again in a forthcoming issue. It must suffice to notice meanwhile that Mr. Brundage made an appeal to the public over the radio, which we ourselves unfortunately missed but which is reported to have contained the following assertions: since there is no country against which some group could not feel a grievance, it lacks common sense to single out Germany in view of the assurance of impartiality given. This statement implies that there is no difference between the Nazi attitude toward minority groups and the point of view which prevails elsewhere. One could with difficulty imagine an equally clumsy attempt to beg the whole question. The only other government, civilized or otherwise, with which the Third Reich can possibly be compared is that of Russia. Until recently there was one more—the state of Tabasco, Mexico. Our objection is not to the fact that only one party is in control, that parliamentary rule has been abrogated, or that only Nazis can hold public office. An American may not like these things, but he knows that they concern solely the German people. The whole point is that a systematic attack on Christianity has followed the assault on Judaism, and that the struggle is now on to defend Catholic and Protestant youth from official neo-paganism. If the Olympic games are held in Berlin they will be utilized to strengthen the position of the anti-Christians by reason of the already frankly indicated assumption that foreign participation means endorsement of the Nazis. Accordingly we contend that Catholic athletes who participate will unwittingly be doing harm to their faith.

Anent the Olympics

GENERAL GOERING'S edict of July 18 contains the following passages, to which we call everyone's attention: "The Minister President states further that the so-called confessional Catholic youth organizations are withdrawing further and further from their exclusively religious activities. If a complete reform does not take place on this point, the organizations must be regarded as political and must be suppressed. The wearing of uniforms adds to political activity and is exclusively reserved for the state youth organizations and other portions of the party. . . . In this connection he calls attention especially to the important rôle of the Hitler Youth in forming the younger generation's point of view. Accordingly, the Minister President informs all officials that it is their especial duty to further the interests of the Hitler Youth groups." That means: Catholic youth organizations will be suppresed if they share in any resistance offered to Rosenberg and Von Schirach, who are propagandistic haters of everything Christian, and as a first step toward that suppression the right to wear uniforms and to appear in public is abrogated for the whole Reich and not merely for certain sections of that Reich. Moreover, every party official must support the Hitlerjugend, which is pagan in all its works and pomps. These actions American Catholics cannot endorse either directly or by such implications as the coming games necessarily have.

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IT WOULD be an outrageous libel upon our age, so carefully social-minded, so genuinely compassionate, to call it no better than that bland, immune Victorian era which awoke the immortal frenzy of Dickens. And yet, too many of the very instances of inhumanity and penury which drove Dickens to his creative excoriations are still part of the daily record of living. There have been stories of abuse in reformatories which might easily have led the great novelist-reformer into depicting another Dotheboys Hall. There are almost daily news accounts of children turned savage from want and neglect, of unattended births, of old people dying in wretched necessity, of bread-winners collapsing from starvation — things shocking as the darkest pages of "Oliver Twist." The current example is perhaps no worse than countless others—but it is bad enough to serve as a test of the qualities of charity and responsibility in any society. A seventeen-year-old Chicago boy was mortally shot trying to steal milk for his starving nephew. There are several children in the two families of the relationship, and neither father has a job. Doubtless explanations will be made of why the householder used a revolver, and why the relief funds of the family were delayed, and so on. But they should not be allowed to explain away the essential tragedy in so grim a situation. Our only hope as a society is not to allow it to be explained away: to accept it, for our sins, as a demonstration of what can easily, almost inevitably happen when a family's hold on security is broken, and to try to the full measure of our common effort to make all families secure.

A Reminder

IN THE present heat and unsettlement of our world, it was cheering to find in the English *Catholic Herald* a report of a pronouncement by Dr. Inge, the former Dean of St. Paul's, with which we find ourselves in heartfelt agreement. "I suggest to you," said Dr. Inge in a sermon at St. Mary's, Oxford, "that the greatest setbacks that humanity has ever suffered have been due to ruptures with continuity. A generation arises which can see nothing to respect or admire in what it has inherited from the past. And so it often destroys the outward symbols and monuments of the earlier culture, or allows them to perish." The Reformation he described as "a domestic evil in Western Christianity," and added, "among ourselves, as everywhere in Europe and America, there is a revolt against authority not only in dogma, but in art and literature, and not least in morals, which threaten a dangerous breach with the past. Especially in conduct, experiment must pay great respect to experience. The passions give dispensations more easily than the most accommodating father confessor." These views of the former gloomy Dean appeal to us no doubt particularly as Catholics, when we regard our Church and its Catholicity not only throughout the world at present but also through the centuries, the greatest single example of continuity in a world which is, and has been pretty constantly, torn by differences in human aspirations. The uncharity of despising the past as something wholly wrong, instead of recognizing that evil existed, as it does today, in spite of the devoted efforts of men of good-will, is probably a beginning of the dangerous uncharity of isolating the idea of good-will to a group or a place—the destructive opposite to the spirit of Catholicity.

Steadfast Thoughts

IT IS hard to diagnose and hence probably impossible to cure those discouraging cases of grown-up citizens approaching some public duty or problem, or some deadly serious situation, with the blithe egocentricity of half-witted children. There are numerous cases on record, for instance, of people who will turn in fire alarms as an irresistible joke on the fire department. The desperate possibility which brings a fire department into existence, the mortal dangers and steady heroism which membership in it involves, the necessity of decently respecting these things, the imperative duty of not abusing public property—is as naught to such a mind; the jokester sees in all that thundering apparatus, and all the discipline that brings it into instant action, merely the materials for the delicious—and happily anonymous—jest of sending it somewhere for nothing. So too there are people who will chip away public monuments for souvenirs; or take away graveyard slabs to pave their backyards; or let their dogs dig up public gardens. But it seems to us that the most impenetrable mind we have ever encountered in this category—outside the criminal class, of course—belongs to the Middle-Westerner (we will not bring the blush of shame to the cheek of his state) who made a publicity bet with a friend. For the stake of a dinner, he undertook to get front-page stories about himself in all the papers at a cost of less than $100; and thereupon filed with the police a quite fictitious report of how he had been kidnaped. When one reflects on the latter-day history of the crime of kidnaping, the heartbreaks and tragic losses it has involved, the danger it represents to the public weal, the engine of detection and punishment that has been evolved to meet it—such a performance becomes really impredicable. There must be a kind of untouchable innocence about such a man. Perhaps it was to preserve that that he was sent to jail.

Psychological Puzzle

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YOUTH IN SPAIN

By SISTER MONICA

IN THE Parque Maria Luisa at Seville—the most idyllic park in the world, a microcosm of beauty—the white doves flip the pink water lilies swooning on the lagoon. Under the seats of the pergolas are boxes of books, mainly communistic literature. Here, hour after hour, forlorn lanky youths in blue jeans are sprawled out, while one, smart enough to read, drones off the theories of Marxism and revolution.

They listen. Why not? Nothing to do; pockets empty; stomachs empty. Lucky for such as these that the southern clime does not rouse the pangs of hunger like the northern winds and fog. Nine-tenths of these lads cannot read nor write. It is by such that the draperies are torn down from balconies in Madrid on the feast of the Sacred Heart or the *Immaculada,* at the rate of a gordo or two to jingle in their pockets. Why not?

You see thousands of such youths in Spain: sons of laborers, or house servants, or petty street venders. What lies before them? It smites you to the heart to think of it. The atrocities of the October movement were largely carried on by boys between sixteen and twenty-five. The money of the Internacionale poured into their shrunken pockets; one by one their confessions come leaking out into the press.

But there is another side to the mirror. Something is stirring in Spain: stirring, growing, seething. It is the movement called *Juventud de Acción Catolica.* At the close of only two dozen months they have already enrolled 75,000 Catholic young men, in 1,100 parish centers. Just lately 180 more new banners have been set up and 107 week-end retreats have been made. A thousand Spanish boys went to Rome in Holy Year to get the blessing of Pius XI on their *Acción Catolica.*

Now, in four-fifths of their centers, Study Circles are being conducted. At weekly sessions under a skilled leader appointed from Madrid, they have round-table instructions on ethics and religion; they discuss social action; they open their minds anew to the Gospel teachings; they are informed and enlightened upon the principles laid down by the Popes in recent encyclicals. They are stimulated to a sense of duty in the face of the general demoralization; of concord and cooperation, in face of ancient class antipathy. A solidarity of purpose in growing up among them whose bonds will certainly supercede those of class, for they spring from Christian brotherhood.

Recently were held in Seville what the Spaniards call *Jornadas de Acción Catolica.* These were four or five successive days given over to general gatherings under higher officials of *Acción Catolica* who came from the Center in Madrid to preside. Each of the four branches—men, women, youths and young girls—had noonday assemblies. The boys were addressed by their president from the Central Council in Madrid, a wide-awake, intelligent young man with the best qualities of leadership, by name, Manuel Aparici Navarro. At five, on one of these days, about 800 strong, they gathered at the Cardinal's palace to hear His Eminence and other officials. Among the leaders who spoke was a young iron worker. It was a spirited meeting. They said they were gathered together to inform themselves in Study Circles so as to develop a citizenship for the Church and Spain: a slow gradual work; but that this was the business of Catholic youth, to prepare for the morrow. Then the mass meeting followed the Cardinal across the street to the chapel of Los Reyes in the cathedral to receive the Papal Benediction.

If you want to touch to life the youth of southern Spain, perhaps any youth of Spain, gather them in this historic and magnificent chapel, where the bronze sarcophagus of San Fernando, the king who wrested early Spain from the Moors, is enshrined, and you look up from it to the high altar, surmounted by that quaint ancient statue of the Virgin with the Child on her knee, before which Fernando so often knelt in veneration. Every young man there knew and felt in his fiber the value of those associations, when Cardinal Ilundain raised his hand in blessing. Next morning they all came trooping to the cathedral to Mass and Communion, and once more they were addressed in terms of Catholic Action by some one of the leaders. Thus the *Jornadas* bring them all together and at the same time give the least member the chance to hear from the lips of the highest the inspiring principles of the movement.

What is this that is being done? And why is this new thing so confident of offsetting even the sad, the false, the fruitless and fatal poison of those books that lurk under the seats on the sunny park lagoon? It is because rock bottom is at last being struck in Spain; this is a movement to reawaken the Catholic conscience in the masses.

In Spain you can count as many as seventeen political parties. The youths of Catholic Action may belong to almost any one of these, but it signifies nothing. Politics does not enter here where there is other matter to think about.

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"Nada politica!" says the legend hanging on the wall of their assembly room.

The Pope has explained the relation of Catholic Action to politics. In speaking to the Federation of Italian Men he said:

> Catholic Action lies above and outside political parties. Catholic men know that this does not mean they should take no part in politics, when politics signifies the support of a common good in opposition to individual and particular good. No, it is the aim of Catholic Action so to regulate minds that they will construct a good politics, a great politics.

The Holy Father lays downs as the means: piety, study, discipline. That each political party in Spain has its contingent of juniors, like young hounds straining at the leash, is looked upon with apprehension. But the young men, who, under direction of the Spanish hierarchy, are being lined up for the proper battle of Christian life, for the moment aspire only to a vanguard. Yes, politics in their own good time; but first, mature preparation.

It is conceived that any anticipation would be dangerous, premature; a disarticulation of the whole social body, an upsetting of functions. No, says a writer in the *A B C*, political action demands for efficiency a firmness of character, a knowledge of men gained not from books but from life, and an intellectual documentation that is highly finished and select. Another Spanish observer insists that the Holy Father's strongest statement is where he refers to the need of postulating a conscience that is a Christian and citizen conscience as the indispensable preliminary to politics.

The scent of danger is similarly noted by the best minds of France. Miguel Gory, in *L'Action Populaire,* expresses it:

> You wish to devote your energies to politics? Then deepen your faith. What do you know of religion, of its dogma, its history, so as to take a stand against sophisms and defend your faith against attacks? Settle your conscience. What do you know about the science of human acts, the conditions that establish morality, so as to take a stand against errors of judgment, against injustice, against abuse? Exercise your reason. Do you fancy the university philosophy with its many systems will suffice you? Learn to observe. Know men well. Notice what public opinion signifies arising from currents and whirls of conflicting social classes.

Political life, these men warn, is enough to sterilize youth in its fever and impoverish heart and brain. It absorbs the forces day and night, physical, intellectual, moral.

The practical side of Spanish Catholic Action is infinitely varied: a spirit of fellowship pervades the young men, a helpfulness, a readiness, draws them into every sort of activity. Young workmen are fast catching the spirit. An Anti-Marxist association of laborers sprang to life and made itself known in the press before the fires in Oviedo stopped burning. The ticket of the association is open to all; they pay any price from 1 to 1,000 pesetas, renewing it each year according to their means. The funds go to the common treasury.

They have already established the nucleus of the great Catholic university which is to be the heart of the amazing new education movement now on foot. A summer school in Santander is opening its third year with classes for youth, for workingmen, for seminarists, for college graduates, professors and journalists. You cannot but see that though the whole movement is as quiet as the drawing in of a net—so quiet that reporters notice it little if at all—there is a tremendous throbbing and pulsation to this thing that is rising from rock bottom in response to the hand of the Fisherman who has evoked it.

And you cannot but admire the youth of Spain, for the most part splendidly built specimens of humanity. How they enjoy one another in the long noonday rest, strolling bareheaded under the trees of Paseo de Castellana in Madrid, the glint of youth on their handsome heads, or smoking their cigarettes along the "Delicias" of Barcelona, or standing in groups on the narrow sidewalks of Seville's classic little Sierpes, oblivious of sun and crowd. I have not often seen Spanish men embrace on the street, but I have often seen them fairly radiate affection upon encountering a good friend. They are a superb race of youths. They saved Europe once: what may they not do again, these new *Adelantados?* "No," said the three young aristocrats who guarded our convent all night in Madrid during the stormy October days, when the superior bade them at dawn go home and rest. "Oh no! Now we have to go out and sell *El Debate*! We're going out to sell newspapers!" And they went.

Address of the Artist

Who dwells in the marvelous forest imagination
grew and peopled with beast; who in fantastic
bowers finds the spirit's sun, in imitation
of it teaches insensible stone a plastic
emotion; who in such wilderness of sweet hays
lifts to the sky's mirror those grave features
grief fostered on the race, importunate ways
though fatal in such hostile air; who creatures
the tragic ground with song, fecund, though lone,
in memory of earthless sound; who in such rare wold
sews desire for seed, that buried bone
might feel root's warmth of love and be consoled;
who to such wonderful trees is dedicate
alone is holy in this sinful state.

C. A. Millspaugh.

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CITIES OF REFUGE

By RALPH ADAMS CRAM

"I have been wearisomely saying since 1918 that our system of life was of the wrong shape," declares Mr. Cram, beginning a plea for a Catholic effort to promote a "back to the land" movement on a scale commensurate with the need. He points out that such a step has already been taken in England, and believes it ought to be imitated in the United States. Mr. Cram can see no other worth-while approach to the "landless proletarian" problem, which seems to him of central importance.—The Editors.

SOME months ago I published in THE COMMONWEAL an inquiry into the measures then being taken in Washington toward national rehabilitation, asking if these were to be considered as steps toward recovery or toward regeneration, and saying that in my opinion if they were only the first-named of these, the object was not good enough. I think it now must be self-evident that if a new and better state of life was indeed envisaged by the proponents of the reforms then in process, it was based on purely material advantages; more money for those who had little; higher wages, shorter hours of work, sure jobs, financial support in old age—in fact, a materialistic Utopia where spiritual values found no consideration. All this was to be provided for by taking the material things from those that had and distributing them to those that had not. Moreover, matters were to be so arranged that for the future these material things could not be acquired exclusively by the few but must be equitably distributed amongst all.

I am not questioning the virtue of some of these projects, nor the good faith of those who advocated them: I merely call attention to the fact that life is something more than the acquisition of bodily comfort and security, physical ease and a plentiful supply of luxuries; that there is, in this program, no sign of regeneration, no first steps toward making even the world, or the state, into something finer and fuller and more well-rounded than what our fathers—and in large measure, we ourselves—fabricated during the last three centuries out of a better scheme of life that had been lightly destroyed.

And now, in view of the recent decision of the Supreme Court, it appears that even this materialistic Utopia is not to be accomplished.

This may be well, or it may be ill. Material recovery and reform, had it been established, might have served as a foundation on which a noble superstructure could have been erected; on the other hand it might have fixed for several generations a utilitarian, materialistic state as gross in its technocratic and grubby efficiency as that of the Soviets: as void of all spiritual values and religious and ethical sanctums as that which is the aim of the present rulers of Mexico. It is an open question and one that will remain so, for now an autocratic power, greater than that of all the dictators of Europe—the dead hand of a fundamental and written law, made 150 years ago for a different people and a different world — has interposed its absolute veto. Again, this may be well or ill, another open question. The fact remains, however, that we have to begin again; go back three years and start along some other line. The present state of affairs, social, economic, industrial, financial, political, is based on injustice; therefore it is intolerable; therefore it must be changed or it will change itself—and history has shown over and over again what that means.

When I wrote before in THE COMMONWEAL, I said, as I have wearisomely been saying since 1918, that our system of life was of the wrong shape; that it had got outside the human scale, and that through the sequence of Renaissance humanism, the Protestant revolution, the political revolution of the Continent, and the industrial and financial revolution, it had reached a condition where it was a liability, not an asset. Since 1918, pretty much all of Europe, and lately we, ourselves, have come to act as though we believed it, though not many are willing to admit the fact. All sorts of panaceas are being tried out from Soviets and the totalitarian state through military and civil dictators to the New Deal. Some of these may work out into something valid, but apparently not the New Deal, and—we must begin again. But where and how?

I said last year that it seemed to me that the one far-seeing and fundamental action then being taken by Washington was the establishment of subsistence homesteads, the plan I had proposed in 1918 and in 1921. I did feel that the official governmental plan of making sustenance from the land subsidiary to factory work in some nearby but independently owned plant was wrong, and that the order should have been reversed, but it was at least a step in a safe direction. Now this whole scheme is threatened with abandonment. It is hard to see how this can be escaped, since the President has announced that the $4,000,000,000 fund placed in his hand must be so used that a maximum of $1,100 per man must not be exceeded. Moreover it is admitted

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that it is being found impossible to induce factory owners to establish plants in the neighborhood of the projected communities. As His Holiness, the late *Pio Nono,* said at the fall of Rome, "It is the work of the devil but God will turn it into a blessing." The official scheme has failed and this, probably, is a good thing. But must the idea itself, the solving plan that may bring regeneration, also be given up? I protest not, and I think there is a way out, at least as a beginning and as an object lesson.

By now it must, I think, be sufficiently obvious to the unprejudiced mind, that the industrial—capitalist—financial—materialist civilization of the last two centuries cannot be restored to its old place and power—and ought not so to be restored. Invention, mechanical improvements and the loss of world markets for surplus products have meant, and will continue to mean, progressive unemployment with more and more people subsisting on the dole. In the end this, of course, means national bankruptcy and one sort of revolution or another. The whole system was wrong anyhow, for it meant that the majority of men were wage-earners, a proletariat, therefore measurably dehumanized and unfree. Even the farmers—the small-holders—yeomen and peasantry—were being pauperized and also were losing their freedom. There never was, and never will be, any just and sane and wholesome basis for society except *land,* land held by a family, worked by the owner, and used as a primary means of support. To this basis we must return.

It did look for a time as though government, while not recognizing the fact, was about to take some hesitant and not altogether wisely directed steps toward starting something along this line through the subsistence homesteads. This hope is now quashed and if anything is to be done it must be by private initiative. Even as I write (April 19) there is word in the newspapers that Senator Couzens has given $550,000 for the establishment of a sort of subsistence homestead community near Detroit. It looks, however, as though this also followed the Washington plan, i. e., garden allotments for mill hands employed in nearby factories. This is not good enough. The land and its produce must come first and the factory or the workshops must be subsidiary and not owned by outsiders: capitalistic organizations, the object of which is production for profit.

What I propose is that Catholics should take up this "back to the land" problem and begin to put it into operation.

Why Catholics? Because they realize more clearly than any others the shortcomings of the old capitalist-industrial system; they, better than others, see the threat that impends; while they alone understand that, while the family is the primary social unit, the community comes next, and that there is no sound and righteous and enduring community where all its members are not substantially of one mind in matters of the spirit, that is to say, religion.

The system that has grown up during the last two centuries and is now in process of dissolution was engendered in Protestant countries and by Protestants; Catholics never liked it much, at least they never surrendered to it except, sporadically, in this country. Leo XIII and Pius XI have stated the Catholic position and blazed the way. The road is open for Catholic advance.

The best guide I know is a book published last year called "Flee to the Fields. The Faith and Works of the Catholic Land Movement." The printer is Heath Cranton, 6 Fleet Lane, London. There is a preface by Hilaire Belloc. There are many other books of a similar nature, beginning with the first years following the World War, by Belloc himself, Penty, Chesterton, and a recent one called "Flight from the City," by Ralph Bordoni; there is also that admirable Southern symposium, "I'll Take My Stand," and many excellent articles in the last two years of the *American Review* and in the English *Distributist* and *G. K.'s Weekly.* Also my "Walled Towns" (1919) and "Towards the Great Peace" (1922). I might go back to the great nineteenth-century path-breakers: Cobbett, Samuel Butler, Ruskin, Morris. I speak particularly, however, of "Flee to the Fields" because it is the latest and most convincing. And it is Catholic.

To put the matter plainly, why should not Catholics in this country—I will go further: why is it not the *duty* of Catholics in this country—to follow the lead of their co-religionists in England and begin the establishing of self-contained, self-supporting, self-sufficient Catholic communities, "cities of refuge" so to speak, not only for the unemployed and dispossessed, but also as harbors from the coming storm? At last accounts there were five or six of these communities well under way in England. Why not here? I need not go into detailed specifications, they are all there in "Flee to the Fields" and as well, in a very sketchy form, in the two papers I printed in THE COMMONWEAL last year. Let me go on to my specific suggestion, which is this.

Let a committee be formed to canvass the Catholics unemployed in the Archdiocese of New York in order to find 100 families, and perhaps a quarter as many single men and women, who would be available for the new community or village. All would have to be carefully tested, first for their "neighborly" quality, second for the possession of some experience in farming or gardening or a willingness to be trained, third for the purpose of filling those specially technical or clerical posts necessary in a self-sufficient unit of human society.

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If the promising families are found (this should certainly not be hard), there is, of course, the question of finance: $600,000 or $750,000 ought to be enough to obtain about 500 acres, build the houses (they may even be "pre-fabricated"), condition the land, furnish a minimum of stock, set up the workshops, build the church and recreation rooms and pay the salaries of the agricultural and craft instructors. Some of this preparatory work could be done by the prospective householders. This course was followed in England where the cost per family was much less. It is possible that a part of the cost could be defrayed by the government, say $1,100 per family, which is the amount specified by the President as the limit in the case of his $4,000,000,000 fund.

Is the plan chimerical? It is in process in England and why not here?

If it can be worked, there is one essential point to be kept in mind. This Catholic community must be self-contained and self-sufficient. It cannot be made subsidiary to an alien factory, and subsistence from the land must be the primary consideration. The workshops must be the property of the community and the work done there must be supplementary only to that on the land.

There is no solution of our economic problem except self-maintenance on and from the land, with craft and shop work to take up extra time and furnish money for those necessary (and desirable) things, men, women and children need and that the land cannot produce. It is the only visible plan whereby liberty can be restored to the citizen. If he is landless, a proletarian, working (when he has the chance) for wages, he is unfree, and therefore he is, to this extent, no longer a human being.

ROME—THEN AND NOW

By JAMES W. LANE

SEVENTEEN years ago I was in Rome. The World War was ending. The Italians who had had their share of defeats such as the disaster at Caporetto, were rejoicing in their splendid victory at Vittorio Veneto, and on the Via Veneto itself, Rome's Fifth Avenue, which was later to be renamed after the battle, posters with President Wilson's likeness were appearing and heralding to a new word the nobility of certain fourteen points. Little did we who were supposed to be official observers—even in the capacity, as was mine, of private secretary to Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page—little did we think that two months from the end of the war this jubilant nation would again be in the bitterest of struggles to preserve its national honor, would fall into virtual anarchy, and in three years' time would be under a dictator.

Rome was aflutter with flags. Her nights were gay, her restaurant business prospered. The King and the war heroes had arrived from the front amid ovations. People lived in a happy confusion or, if they had seen too much of the cruelties of war, in a resigned and melancholy apathy, too worn, on the one hand, or, on the other, too febrile to ask themselves what, now that peace was here, the nations were going to do about it.

Yet new life was coming into the city. Waiters who had been at the front reappeared in their former cafés; Roman society prepared for its round of parties and coming-out dances no longer palled by the presence of war. Fregoli, the Protean artist, was the great attraction in vaudeville: you went to see him and you saw a whole play with a whole cast, in which Fregoli was the only actor. The Costanzi opera-house began a new season, surviving costume-cutters' strikes, that featured Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" and, for the first time anywhere, Puccini's triptych of "Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelica" and "Gianni Schicchi," in two of which Edward Johnson, then resident in Rome under the name of Edoardo di Giovanni, sang. Tito Schipa was being discovered as a fine tenor and brought down the house in "Tosca." Lucrezia Bori returned to sing Mimi in "Bohème" to her beloved Rome, only to contract a cold in her bronchial tubes so that the night of the performance she couldn't utter a sound.

In the plastic arts, the painter Ezekiel was still living in Rome, while Herbert Haseltine, the animal sculptor, was there, too. Among writers, both of them doing service for either the government or the Red Cross, were Vance Thompson with his Mahda menus who gave very good cocktail parties and Dr. Joseph Collins, the neurologist, who was as outspoken over the Italians as he has later become on life, love and death. Fiorello H. LaGuardia was a major in our aviation corps and occasionally addressed large meeting-halls of Italians who cheered and cheered. Professor Chandler Post, Harvard authority on sculpture and Spanish art, was in the office of the United States military attaché.

The place for Americans to drink was the bar of the Grand Hotel and to eat was old Checco's, the Ristorante della Concordia, where, before the war ended, it was commonly said was the only chance in Rome of obtaining that delicious des-

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sert, *zabaglione*. In the streets and squares hawkers and their picturesque cries were more numerous. Auto taxis became more plentiful and at the rural railway stations coffee could be had again instead of the hot goat's milk that I had had to taste and then spit out for vileness when I first arrived in September, 1918.

Into this city of insouciance and merry goodwill, joyous with war's end, came, hard upon the New Year of 1919, President Wilson. Driven through the streets by the Quirinal's best black horses, he had an awed greeting more eloquent, I think, by far than the mere frenetic acclaim of animal spirits would have been. No matter where he went—to Parliament, to the Capitoline for receiving the keys of the city, to the Ambassador's palazzo for a sixty-cover luncheon—his reception, from crowd and intimates, was similar. All hung on his words with dignified appreciation.

And then the bolt struck. Three months later, on April 22, 1919, the President issued his statement denying to Italy the port of Fiume. At once Italy became a raging furnace of Wilsonian denunciation and irredentist fever. The *Popolo d'Italia,* the Milanese daily edited by Arnaldo Mussolini, followed by the rest of the Italian press, played up the situation skilfully, aggravating Italy's sore. The President was everywhere pilloried, along with Clemenceau and Lloyd George, as the Janus-faced enemy of the country.

It was a changed Italy. We Americans in Rome at first thought we would have to go about *sub nimbo*. But our anxieties were too neat, for we found in a few days that Americans as a whole were as well liked as ever and their property as well respected and that no indignities were offered to our flag, the one that was attempted being frustrated by two Italian youths who then came to see the Ambassador to assure him that sober people did not countenance the attempt. What Italy now wanted was not only Fiume but all of Dalmatia and it saw in its way only a defiant Cerberus, whose three heads were the heads of the governments of France, England and the United States.

What then happened everyone knows. D'Annunzio made his gesture, captured Fiume for Italy, and the nationalism which was stirred up in so doing served as an effective brake to Communism and as the setting of the stage for the entrance of Mussolini, with his march on Rome.

But Rome in 1919 was living, although it didn't suspect it, in a sunset glow. The lira was worth 8.66 cents, the best rate of exchange Italy has enjoyed since the war until the dollar's recent fall. Life went along smoothly—on the surface. One could hire a taxi for 100 lire and keep it for seven hours. Yet a case of condensed milk I bought cost $5. The luxuries like milk and butter and ice cream were dear.

But the other familiar sights were still there. Trolley cars clanked slowly, almost aimlessly, on their grinding way. The *carabinieri* in their Punchinello hats were the only police in action. Empty lots on the eastern side of the Via Veneto brought the early morning sun streaming onto that thoroughfare. In the afternoon a few people, chiefly English and Americans played tennis at Parioli, that suburb of the city lying to the north of Tito Ruffo's villa. Or large crowds would attend the races at the Parioli track, just next to the tennis club. On cool days one could play golf at the Acqua Santa course, very primitive and very picturesque, out near the Appian Way, and now and then watch a droning airplane maneuver overhead. If the days were very hot, and if one were so fortunate as to possess a car, one might motor the fifteen miles down to the sea for a swim. There was no other means of getting there, save by foot or two-wheeled cart, no trams, no trains, no buses. The Pontine marshes through which one's road went were soggy barren land, with here and there a pasture. Ricketty ferries were the one resource for getting autos, at four lire apiece, across the Tiber. Ostia itself was a wild unattractive beach, so was Piumincino. The *scavi* or caves were typical of the wilderness of this part of the Campagna. Life in Rome was, in short, enjoyable, but was a little like Browning's love among the ruins. . . .

1934—and what a change as I visited Rome anew! A new spirit, a new city! A guiding hand directed everything to some useful end. The spirit of *dolce far niente* had fled. In its place an active, youthful discipline, strict and somewhat rigid, governed the movements of the great city's life. Railway trains arrived on time. Trams had gone from the middle of the city. The Via del Tritone had been greatly widened and in crowded hours pedestrian traffic had to proceed in a certain direction on a certain side of the street. Buses which replaced the trams ran at greater speed in more convenient directions. A new police system had arisen. Fascists, uniformed and booted, directed traffic with the motions of their white billies or the aid of semaphore lights. The traffic problem in Rome is peculiarly difficult. The large squares are not often simple crosses, or bisections, in form, but are six-pointed stars. Yet I saw no serious traffic tie-up, except once, due to a stalled motor, and the cars are kept moving swiftly.

How different, then, is the Rome of today from that of sixteen years ago! Rome has put on the habiliments of a greater city, has ceased being a bit countrified, has flowered into expansive streets and gotten herself a crop of new buildings. Gone is our old embassy building on the Piazza San Bernardo: the new Via Regina Elena, winding up from Bernini's fountain on the Piazza

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Barberini, cuts through its old site and comes out on a widened and improved square, with islands where taxis moor. New modernistic buildings, done in the style which is being termed Mussolinian—heavy bevelled cornices, pinkish brick, travertine, undecorated ponderous pilasters, and blunt impost blocks—line the Via Regina Elena and the reclaimed lower part of the luxurious Via Veneto, where there is at least one outstanding building, the Ministry of Corporations.

For all changes Mussolini gets the credit and in building operations they have been tremendous. Old Renaissance Rome, and the guides to take you through it, as well as Christian and Imperial Rome, is still there, its charm untouched, but all unsightly buildings, when not relics of the past, have been torn down. The Prati district, north of St. Peter's and west of the Flaminian Gate, near where Vance Thompson gave his cocktail parties and where the descendant of one of the most famous Renaissance popes, Duke Lante, composed liturgical music sixteen years ago, has been built up from a few houses and bare lots into an imposing modern residential city. A fine new street leads from the Victor Emmanuel monument to the Colosseum. Along the way stand three recently unearthed fora—the forum of Augustus, the forum of Caesar, the forum of Nerva—as well as the newly discovered marketplace of Trajan. The Basilica of Maxentius by the side of the road is being beautifully restored, and two other monuments of imperial Rome—the Augustan house on the Palatine and the Theatre of Marcellus, that spot so dear to etchers like Piranesi and Rossini—have been already completely fixed up. As one walks through the broad, clean, new streets, set with flower-beds or young rock pines, through new squares with new fountains, or goes to the renovated opera house—with its proscenium plaque telling, in the old ablative absolute, that the restorations took place while Victor Emmanuel was king, Mussolini duce, and Colonna mayor—one feels the proud, active spirit of the modern Romans, past-conscious but also present-conscious.

Mussolini has changed the aspect of the familiar horse cab. He has cleaned out the disreputable looking ones—of which, in the old days, there were not a few—and possibly some of their drivers. Now they wait in line for fares, and take their turn, like any taxi at a large American terminal. The city is so full of auto traffic that it is almost driving the horse away. There is new fire-fighting equipment, and if you are in your hotel when the fire brigade passes you'll know it.

Indeed one of the few quiet places left is the new American embassy, which with the consulate stands on the lovely plot of ground behind and adjacent to the late Queen Mother's palace. This is property which our government could have bought twenty or thirty years ago for several hundred thousand dollars; it had to pay over $1,000,000 for it, in the meantime having even gone so far out of town as the American Academy on the Janiculum for the Ambassador's residence. But everything has improved.

The new Rome of Mussolini is omnipresent among the lovely shards of the past. A new planetarium has been built next the Baths of Diocletian, where motion pictures and lectures on the heavens can be seen and heard. In the modern zoo lions, tigers and bears look across at you over a deep, invisible gulch, and the effect of these railless, cageless exhibits is both terrifying and stimulating. Behind it is a new museum of natural history, also developed by Mussolini, and elsewhere in Rome are the Ministry of Aviation, University City, various fine new monuments, like the one to Saint Francis opposite St. John Lateran, and artistic fountains.

One of the largest undertakings has been the Mussolini Forum. They started it six years ago with a marble monolith from Carrara that required a specially constructed freight train to bring it to Rome. Around this column has been built a vast stadium, magnificent office buildings and lockers, and many playing-fields. Here the boy scouts of Italy—the Balilla, from nine to fifteen years old—disport themselves in calisthenics. Army officers act as overseers. Though it is scarcely very artistic, the stadium has been well laid out and can accommodate great crowds such as come to Rome for the competitive tests of late summer. All of this planning has sprung up on the west bank of the Tiber in a hitherto deserted section. On the east bank is the section of Parioli, but vanished are the delights of yesteryear—tennis and horse-racing. On the site of the tennis courts is another national stadium.

Amid these great physical and psychological changes, Rome is still the same old Rome that old-timers knew. One cannot be bored in Rome. The Pincio and the Borghese gardens are still there, surmounting the city and looking directly over to St. Peter's. The Spanish stairs with Keats's house at the bottom, the houses where Gogol and Shelley wrote, the Grand Hotel, the palaces and the churches, and not least the fountains, are all as they have been. Soldiers and seminarians still walk through the streets, and if a good many more of the former than hitherto are black-shirted, the better are they likely to keep order. With all the shifts in physical, architectural Rome, the Roman character has remained constant—it is proud of its new leader, Il Duce, but it tempers the Fascist spirit with its own time-old sense of proportion. As long as the Trevi Fountain is there to throw pennies in, people will return to Rome and find stimulus not only in its changes but in what remains the same.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—Monsignor James H. Ryan, for seven years rector of the Catholic University in Washington, has been appointed Bishop of Omaha to succeed Bishop Rummel, who was recently transferred to New Orleans. * * * The *Interracial Review* of New York City has published statistics indicating that of the 13,000,000 Negroes in the United States, 250,000 are Catholics. There are 5,000,000 Negro Protestants and 7,750,000 who are "uncharged." There are 210 Catholic Negro churches; 205 Catholic Negro schools with an enrolment of 35,092. Three hundred priests and 1,100 Sisters are attached to colored missions. * * * The twenty-seventh annual Semaine Sociale to be held in France opened in Angers the last week of July. Full reports of the meeting, which was focused around the problem of corporative organization, have not been received. The Semaines Sociales gather together for discussion, debate and unity students and leaders of the various groups of Catholics in France (and this year from eight foreign countries) who are attempting to mould society, in various ways by no means universally agreed upon, to fit with Catholic moral teaching. * * * The incendiarism which marked the Belfast religious riots has left 300 Catholic families homeless. They are living in tents in MacRory Park. * * * Bishop Louis Auneau is celebrating this year his twenty-fifth year as Vicar Apostolic of Shire, Nyasaland, Africa. When he took charge of the region in 1910 there were about 1,000 Catholic residents; now there are 70,000 with another 25,000 preparing for baptism. * * * In New York City, on several recent occasions, Communists have solicited the cooperation of Catholics in protests against capitalists. Before the Bremen riot of July 26 at the liner's dock, Catholics were appealed to as "brothers and sisters" who should "unite against Hitler" who "is launching the most brutal attack on religious liberty in modern history." * * * The Reverend George Johnson, Director of the N.C.W.C. Department of Education, and the Reverend Edward Roberts Moore, National Director of the Catholic Committee on Scouting, have been appointed by President Roosevelt to the National Advisory Committee of the National Youth Administration.

The Nation.—Republicans were jubilant over the Rhode Island elections, where the lines had been clearly drawn for and against the New Deal. In the 1st Congressional District, Mr. Charles F. Risk, Republican, won by a margin of approximately 13,000 votes. In the Roosevelt sweep in 1932, the Democratic candidate in this district had a plurality of 21,000. Only last fall, the Democrats swept the state by a plurality of 35,000 in the congressional election. The voters also refused to indorse bond issues which would have entitled the state to obtain Federal Public Works Administration funds. They did, however, vote a bond issue of $3,000,000 for direct relief which had the indorsement of Democrats and Republicans. * * * President Roosevelt approved a new Treasury regulation making available to the Senate committee investigating lobbying activities, in connection with the utilities holding company bill, all income, excess profit and capital stock tax returns. Both the Senate and the House investigating committees were at the time searching unsuccessfuly for Howard C. Hopson, directing head of one of the country's largest holding company set-ups. * * * Bus and truck transportation were put under the authority of the Interstate Commerce Commission by Congress in a bill which gives to the commission the same control over them that it now has over railroads. Efforts for such regulation have been pending before Congress since 1926. * * * Electric power production climbed to the highest level since 1929 and seemed on the way to reaching a new all time high. The index of production, which fell from 105 in 1929 to under 80 in March, 1933, was again over 105. * * * The executive council of the American Federation of Labor at its quarterly meeting considered means for combating the boring from within practises of Communists which were urged at the meeting of the Communist International in Moscow. * * * The House for the second time defeated the so-called "death sentence" measure advocated by the President and the Utility Bill went back into conference between the two branches of Congress. The vote was 210 to 155, with 124 Democrats going against the President's wishes.

The Wide World.—On August 2, members of the League Council met at a cocktail party and devised a formula for the care of the Italian-Ethiopian disorders. The Conciliation Commission is to acquire one new neutral member, and to continue its deliberations; a Three-Power conference plans to discuss the situation in the near future; and the Council is to deliberate again, provided no settlement is reached prior to September 4. In short, the League decided it could do nothing for Ethiopia except hope that Mussolini would in the end shy away from the risks involved. Military preparations continued. Though the Japanese government denied that Nippon firms were under contract to supply Haile Selassie with arms, it was believed that substantial shipments of war materials were getting into Ethiopia somehow from somewhere. Dispatches indicate that the Italian army plans rely chiefly on airplanes, thousands of which are said to be either ready or in the making. It is probable that Mussolini will have nearly 250,000 men in Africa before the next month has passed. * * * In a sensational address before the House of Commons, Sir Samuel Hoare declared that the Ethiopian fuss had injected tons of dynamite into the general colonial situation. "A war that claimed to be a war between the black and the white races," he declared, would produce "a formidable unsettle-

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ment of the great colored races of the world." The Italian press acknowledged these remarks with a mammoth Bronx cheer. * * * Japan officially protested against a *Vanity Fair* cartoon showing the Emperor tugging away at a rickshaw on which reposed the Nobel Peace Prize. This picture is sacrilegious in Tokyo, which attributes divinity to the Mikado. Secretary of State Hull "referred to the reported statement of the publisher denying any purpose to give offense." * * * A revolt was suppressed on the isle of Crete by the Greek army. It grew out of a strike which was said to have political implications. The Federation of Labor protested, however, that the trouble was due solely to disregard of the lawful rights of workers. There were six dead, and at least forty injured. * * * The Salzburg Festival opened quietly and melodiously this year, Nazi bombs being refreshingly absent. Austria mourned on the anniversary of Dollfuss's death. An impressive demonstration of Socialist strength was given at the burial of Dr. Gloeckel, former city councilor of Vienna.

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Taxes.—The tax bill was sent to the Senate Finance Committee on August 5 with only one amendment added to the draft submitted by the House Committee which originally framed it. This permits exemptions to corporations for charity contributions up to 5 percent of their net incomes. The bill is in five parts: A tax of 13¼ percent on corporation incomes below $15,000 and 14½ on incomes above, to replace the flat rate of 13¾ now levied. An excess-profits tax of 5 percent on corporation net profits of between 8 and 12 percent of adjusted declared value of capital stock and ranging up to 20 percent on profits in excess of 25 percent of the declared capital value. Inheritance taxes beginning at 4 percent on inheritances in excess of $50,000 to near relatives and $10,000 to distant kin and friends, and graduated to 75 percent on inheritances in excess of $10,000,000. Gift taxes, payable by recipients, equal to about three-quarters of the inheritance levies. A new schedule of surtaxes on individual incomes above $50,000, starting at 31 percent and ranging up to 75 percent on incomes above $5,000,000. Although these taxes are only expected to yield about $250,000,000 a year (enough to run the government about two weeks), they are considered important as levied against bigness, per se, in corporate and individual wealth. The new corporation rates will reduce taxes for those companies with less income than $30,000, and that leaves only 8 percent of our corporations left over. But this 8 percent receives more than 90 percent of the total corporate income. While the bill was before the House, the Treasury refused to present its opinions, but Mr. Robert H. Jackson of the Bureau of Internal Revenue gave an extended talk on the incidence of taxation before the Senate. Refusing to accept the phrase, "taxing bigness," he insisted that our system must be changed to tax according to the ability to pay. In 1935, the government collected $1,409,000,000, or only 38.7 percent of its income, from taxes paid according to ability.

"Dutch Schultz."—Arthur (Dutch Schultz) Flegenheimer was acquitted in his second upstate New York trial for federal income tax evasion. He was charged with not filing returns from 1929 to 1931 when his beer gang earned $3,000,000. The special prosecutor, Mr. Martin Conboy, exhibited a notebook of the accused which indicated a personal income of $23,600 in eleven days, but the jurors decided that no sufficient proof was presented indicating that Schultz grossed more than $5,000 during the years under discussion. He had, as a matter of fact, attempted to settle with the government for $100,000, which Mr. Conboy pointed out would have been unusual for a man receiving a total of less than $5,000 a year and a net of less than $1,600. The defense admitted that Schultz received his money for distributing beer during prohibition, but argued that he did not know people had to pay taxes on such income, since it was illegal. The government relied chiefly on sixty-seven witnesses; the defense played up the idea that the racketeer was a "kindly dispositioned man," and that the upstaters should let New York City solve its own problems, since it was there that Schultz was active. Schultz hid for two years after indictment, showing up only when J. Edgar Hoover's federal detectives were told to go out and find him. Since the end of prohibition he has devoted the energies of his gang to the "policy," the untaxed alcohol and the "union" rackets in New York City. He will probably have to stand trial for state income tax evasion, federal income tax evasion in the southern district of New York, and investigation on his current rackets. The police also believe him to be in danger from his gang since he is known to want to retire. In dismissing the jury, Judge Frederick H. Bryant said: "You will go home with the satisfaction, if it is a satisfaction, that you have rendered a blow against law enforcement and given encouragement to the people who flout the law. In all probability they will commend you. I cannot."

German Catholic News.—Pressure against Catholics and Catholic organizations continued throughout Germany. Complete prohibition of all group activities, which includes sport, was ordered in Bremen and Bavaria. More important by far was the decision handed down by a court in Hagen against the plea of a young Catholic that the prohibition was illegal. It was, the judge conceded, based on the presidential decree of February 28, 1933, empowering the government to ward off Communistic deeds of violence. But he held that when any action gave right to the assumption that "there was present a tendency to express dissatisfaction with the new order," the government had a right to assume that "the ground was being prepared for a recrudescence of Communist activity." This was especially so, he reasoned, when action tended to show publicly the German people is divided by confessional lines. "Thus to reveal this fissure automatically contains the germ of dissension. And such dissension is calculated to aid the purposes of the Communist movement as well as to foster its aim." Q.E.D.—the Catholic youth organizations must be suppressed because the state needs to ward off Bolshevism!

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Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.—*Catholic Action,* official organ of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, in its August issue devotes its leading editorial to the decree recently promulgated by the Sacred Congregation of the Council on the promoting of catechetical education. The Council, with the approval of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, commands that the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine be established in every parish. The laity, as well as the pastors and religious, are called upon to share in the teaching of the young and to join in adult study movements. The decree further urges the celebration of the Feast of Christian Doctrine in every parish and requires that an accurate report be made to the Holy See concerning catechetical education in each diocese of the world. At the last annual meeting of the American hierarchy, Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati, Archbishop Murray of St. Paul and Bishop O'Hara of Great Falls were appointed an episcopal committee to establish at N.C.W.C. headquarters a central office of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. The Very Reverend F. A. Walsh, O.S.B., has been made director of the newly established center. In a special article in *Catholic Action,* he tells briefly of the history of the confraternity movement, which dates back to 1562, its aims in the United States, the organization of its units and the services available through his office. To assist in the establishment of the confraternity on a diocesan scale, an experienced field secretary, Miss Miriam Marks, is available. Dr. Walsh calls attention to the meeting in Rochester, New York, October 27-31, of the Catholic Rural Life Conference, at which the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine will hold its national assembly.

What's Wrong with Speech?—The current *Transition,* which now appears in The Hague and is dedicated to vertigralist transmutation, publishes the results of an inquiry into the present status of the word. Various persons were asked to say whether, "in the present world-crisis, the Revolution of Language is necessary in order to hasten the reintegration of the human personality," and whether they favored—assuming they were debating for the affirmative—readapting existing words or making new ones. The divergence of opinion is interesting and a bit surprising. Nearly everybody conceded that words were in a rather dreadful state, but the manner in which a cure might be wrought appeared to remain a mystery. Herr Gottfried Benn was down on novelists, referring to their writings as "the corrupting twaddle of those capitalistic magnates of culture." For him the question was one for "major lyric poets" or nobody. Marcel Brion declared: "The care one takes in being intelligible should concern, above all, the intelligibility of the individual for himself." But Malcolm Cowley, rapt in ecstasy before Lenin and Stalin, held that "we could get along very well without at least 98 percent of the 500,000 words listed in the big English dictionaries." Norman Foerster, speaking for the Babbittarians, averred that "our trouble is not linguistic but ideational." For his part, Mr. H. L. Mencken asserted that since speech habits are not easily changed, "to attempt to change them on the literary level without at the same time changing them on the popular level would simply be to invent a literary jargon." This last Laurence Vail apparently thought he had found. His rippling satire on the "linguistic it" was easily the best thing unearthed by the inquiry.

* * * *

Food.—The drought of last summer has been reflected this spring and summer in marked decreases in the supply of some food staples, principally meats, and in increases of price. Government reports show that the cattle supplies in June at the country's leading markets were 27 percent smaller than the five-year June average. To make up for the shortage, this country imported in the first five months of this year 210,000 head of cattle, as compared with 45,000 in the same period last year. Meat prices for July were 29 percent higher for the consumer. Hog and cattle stocks depleted by the drought are not expected by government estimators to reach normal proportions for another year or two. In other food supplies, this year's good farming conditions are beginning to make themselves felt. The price of butter, which in the first five months of the year had reached such prohibitive levels that consumption was only 85 percent of normal, has reacted to the fact that supplies since June are 70 percent greater than last year at the same period. In New York, the wholesale price of butter was around 23 cents as compared to 38 cents in February. Eggs and poultry are also plentiful, the egg production per hen in June in the Middle West being at the highest point since 1929. Stocks of frozen poultry were 48,311,000 pounds compared with 39,790,000 last year. Prices to the consumer of eggs were 28.8 percent higher and the general index of food prices 11 percent higher than a year ago at the beginning of the second half of the year.

Jersey Homestead.—On August 5, thirty previously unemployed persons started work under the federal Suburban Resettlement Administration on a cooperative enterprise for decentralized industry. New Hightstown, New Jersey, 1,270 acres have been purchased and construction started on the project, which will include a factory of 20,000 square feet, 150 five and one-half room and 50 six and one-half room houses. The government is putting up $850,000 and the 200 families involved in the undertaking will each put up $500. The factory will be used to manufacture women's clothing; 175 of the families having members in the International Garment Workers' Union. They will be drawn from the slum districts of New York City. The other twenty-five will conduct the cooperative enterprises besides the factory: dairy farming, poultry raising, store keeping, etc. The houses will be built in a modern Georgian style largely out of slabs prefabricated on the premises, and each one will have an acre of property attached. Max Blitzer, formerly assistant to the president of William and Mary College, is in charge of the undertaking. He expects it to serve as an example for decentralized, semi-rural industry and the cooperative method of production. It is also an oblique attack on the blighted areas of the nearby cities.

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The Screen

By GRENVILLE VERNON

Mad Love

"MAD LOVE" is an interesting picture, not because of the intrinsic merit of the story, which is a sort of an elaborated Grand Guignol horror tale, but because it does and does well the very things the screen can do better than the stage. Maurice Renard's novel, "Les Mains D'Orlac," derives directly out of Poe, and the screen play by P. J. Wolfson and John L. Balderston faithfully carries out the tradition. The basic idea is that of a distinguished surgeon who grafts the hands of a murderer onto the mutilated wrists of a pianist, whose wife the surgeon loves. Balked in his advances, the surgeon gradually goes mad and ends by being killed by a knife thrown by the husband's hands just as he is about to strangle the wife. Between these events there are a series of episodes, each more horrible than the other, which keeps the audience in a continual state of goose-flesh and gasps.

The story is of course preposterous, but it nevertheless possesses undoubted power, and the character of the surgeon is delineated in a remarkable manner which makes him almost believeable. Dr. Gogol is not a mere monster. His tortured soul and his longing for love, a love which his repulsive face has always deprived him of, make him pitiful and human. Granted the premises, that it is possible to graft a dead man's hands on to living arms, and to have these hands retain the desires of their original owner and his skill in throwing knives, the story takes on a queer sort of verity. Those whose nerves will stand the macabre will undoubtedly enjoy this film, as it is splendidly acted and directed, with imagination and variety of treatment.

The part of the mad Dr. Gogol is taken by Peter Lorre, the Hungarian actor who made such a deep impression in "The Man Who Knew Too Much." Mr. Lorre has a face which once seen can never be forgotten. His thick lips, his extraordinary eyes, eyes which can express both infinite pathos and horrible malignity, the shape of his skull, the intonation of his voice, are all personal to him and employed by him with an effect which is as sure as it is powerful. Whether or not he can portray a normal human being, he can project a twisted mind and a tortured soul as no other actor of the screen. Such a man as Dr. Gogol would probably be absurd if seen on the stage, but with the illusions which are possible to the art of the movie, he takes on a life of his own, when played by an artist of the caliber of Mr. Lorre.

The other parts too are well acted, especially that of the musician, Stephen Orlac, by Colin Clive, of Rollo, the murderer, by Edward Brophy, and of the Prefect by Henry Kolker. The wife is played and played charmingly by Frances Drake, a very pretty and talented young actress. The play was directed by Karl Freund, and directed with a combined imagination and economy of means which is rare in Hollywood.

Curly Top

SOME day little Shirley Temple will find a play worthy of her exquisite talents, that is if her managers don't wait until it is too late and Miss Temple is already a young lady! "Curly Top" is certainly not this play. It is only another of Miss Temple's vehicles, and one of the most saccharine yet. It fairly drips sentimentality. Of course it gives Miss Temple the opportunity to be arch, and charming, to make people happy, to dance and sing, and even to impersonate an old lady. This is all to the good, when done by Miss Temple, but how much better it would be if we could feel that she was not just being made to show her talents like a sort of child on a flying trapeze! That she swings through her stunts in a perfectly marvellous manner is of course true. But then she couldn't help it—she is Shirley Temple! She is a wonder-child, but she is far more—she is, paradoxical as it may seem, a mature artist. Her acting is more than mere instinct; she knows what she is doing and why she does it. Then why cannot her exhibitors be as truly sensible as she? No doubt they are sensible in box-office terms, but by failing to present her in plays worthy of her they are robbing the world of a beauty which she was born to give. At present they are drowning her art in rivers of liquid sugar. John Boles, Mary Blair and Etienne Giradot do the best they can to support her, but their parts, too, are very, very sticky!

Java Head

THERE is very good acting in "Java Head," and some excellent direction, but this English film is on the whole too slow paced to please American audiences. Joseph Hergesheimer's novel is not exactly dramatic in content, and that is perhaps why Hollywood has shied away from it, but it could be made more vital and vibrant in episode than it appears under the direction of Basil Dean. It is a pity, too, to have the locale changed from Salem to Bristol, even though Edmund Gwenn does make of Jeremy Ammidon a magnificent picture of a jolly British shipmaster. Indeed in thinking of this picture it is Mr. Gwenn's impersonation which stands out as its chief saving grace. Anna May Wong is an impassive and of course an oriental Taou Yuen, but despite her race she does not bring out all that lovers of the novel found in this Chinese wife. Elizabeth Allen is charming enough as Nettie Vollar, and John Loder, Ralph Richardson, Herbert Lomas and George Curzon do what they have to do as well as the material allows. But taken as a whole "Java Head" lacks movement, and a static movie is a contradiction in terms!

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Communications

THE APOCALYPTIC BEAST

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor: The Seventh Day Adventist sect is small in numbers but its adherents have a propaganda spirit it were well for the Catholic laity to emulate. Their animus centers against the Catholic Church as the cause of the change of the Sabbath to Sunday. They are continually circulating papers and books and delivering talks in which the Pope is declared to be "the beast," the "666 in the Book of Revelation."

Time and time again have I had to meet this issue during quiz periods that follow the addresses delivered during the present nation-wide tour of open-air meetings. On two occasions recently I have taken their ministers, including the editors of *Present Truth* (their nationally circulated propaganda paper), to task in letters setting forth in detail the falsity and uncharitableness of the charge. Once, after interviewing a murderer incarcerated in Lufkin, Texas, a "convert" to the sect, who was using his artistic talents to paint tiaras with the inscription on them, "Vicarius Filii Dei," which is held to total 666. Again, recently, while in Michigan where *Present Truth* was being widely circulated and an address being delivered on the Pope.

They can be and should be routed by the Catholic laity in the "Public Forum," "People's Voice," and other letter-box sections of our daily papers. Here are the points, my fellow laymen, that can be used to good effect, not only to rout them but upon which to base an argument showing one of the causes of the latent anti-Catholic spirit that keeps outsiders from seeing the Catholic Church as she is, the Mystical Body of Christ.

(1) "Vicarius Filii Dei" is not the name of the Pope. He is known as His Holiness Pope Pius XI. That name totals 69 and not 666 as "the number of his [the beast's] name" must total according to chapter xiii of the Book of Revelation.

(2) "Vicarius Filii Dei" is a title and it is not the official title of the Pope, though he is the Vicar of Jesus Christ Who is the Son of God.

(3) The official title of the Pope is "Vicarius Jesu Christi" (Vicar of Jesus Christ) as it is set down in "The Catholic Encyclopedia" and "The Catholic Directory."

(4) An examination of pictures of the Pope's tiara shows that neither the title "Vicarius Filii Dei" nor any other title is inscribed thereon.

(5) The title "Vicarius Filii Dei" does not total 666 according to a proper tabulation of Roman numerical values. For instance, when an I appears before an L it does not total, as Seventh Day Adventism says, 1 and 50, or 51. It totals 1 minus 50, which is 49.

Their ingenious method of reckoning the number of the "beast" should be shown to designate their "seer," the "prophetess" who is the Mother of Seventh Day Adventism, as that 666. Ask them to take out their pencils and count the Roman numerical value of her name, Ellen Gould White. The two L's in Ellen total 100; the U (V) equals 5, the L 50 and the D 500 in Gould; the W equals two V's, 10, and the I is one, in White. Hence the grand total is 666. Thus not the Pope but the founder of the Seventh Day Adventist sect is the terrible creature depicted in the Book of Revelation, according to their own system.

DAVID GOLDSTEIN,
Director Nationwide Catholic Campaign for Christ.

AT HOME IN NEW ORLEANS

New Orleans, La.

TO the Editor: The article "At Home in New Orleans" (June 21), in its whimsical notes on the Negro, seemed rather typical of Northern mind in Southern milieu. The author, a transplanted Yankee housewife, would appear to see the colored as so many Topsies; but, at any rate, she did not rattle the sainted bones of Uncle Tom—and that, *mesdames et messieurs,* was something.

The fact of the matter is that the colored in the deep South may be viewed as awake and on the march: that is, if one pays them the courtesy, usually accorded other groups, of estimating them by their highest representatives rather than their lowest. A man is judged by his head rather than his feet: why not a people?

Black servants (tee hee) can be so comic! Well, that goes for yellow, red and white servants too. And if a housewife from Dixie should publish an article in "the land of the sacred cod," based on the gaucheries of Irish-American kitchen-help in the Hub, the Lodges and the Cabots might well break not only their celebrated silence but also the literary lady's head.

It would be well for the cheerful author of "At Home in New Orleans" to realize that, in the Crescent City, a fine university (Xavier) for the colored has risen, and that another (Dillard) is rising, and that the present as well as the future is intellectually rosy for yesterday's lowly. Coming out of her kitchen and rubbing the Miss Ophelia blur from her eyes, she would find that the Negro, too, has been qualifying, despite terrific odds, for a wider range than the merely domestic, and that there are dusky minds all around her with which her own might have to wrestle or race.

With tongue in cheek, she tells of "good heavy Rosetta" who, black face and all, goes to night-school and tries to write short stories, for one of which a pulp magazine paid $10! We should like to inquire, also tongue-in-cheekily: How many white maids-of-all-work would be ambitious enough to attempt the academic after a hard day's work? And how very, very few of them have ever started to begin to commence to earn even a plugged nickel with their pen! Rosetta may be far less a joke than an inspiration, and seems about the best commentary that "At Home in New Orleans" could possibly have.

CLAUDE MACKSEY.

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Books

Chicago's Best

Jane Addams of Hull House, by Winifred E. Wise. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

THIS book published with the imprimatur of Miss Addams came from the presses just after the world had given its acclaim to her achievements in a remarkable international broadcast from London, Paris, Moscow, Tokyo and Washington, and just after millions all over the earth had mourned her death.

The book was written for young people, but it is in no sense a book for juveniles. It is a book which gives the sources of the inspiration which shaped the purposes of Miss Addams and which guided her through a long life of incomparable service. It is particularly valuable for young people as a guide in the years of formation of a life purpose but it is no less a guide to the citizens of a democracy in the formation of those great public purposes upon which our hopes for the future must depend. The achievements of Jane Addams were the product of a purpose to serve humanity and, by service, to make the world brighter for those who walk in the darkness of defeat and despair. That purpose was inherited from her father, John Addams, friend of Lincoln, was formed in her college days at Rockford College under inspired leadership, made firm by seeing how the other half lived both in this country and abroad, and was brought to fruition in Hull House, the model of all social settlements in the United States.

The story of Miss Addams's college days and the formation of her purpose should be read by every parent, as well as by every student. That story of development closed with the "clarion call of commencement day, 'Remember the girls of '81 who believe and expect high things of you.'" The call came back to her continuously. She had traveled, studied and read widely. "Was she to lose herself in vague dreams and do nothing to make her life worth having lived it? As yet she had only glimpses of the suffering in the world but these were enough to make her ashamed of her own ease and comfort. She felt herself to be a pale shadow, living on books, while outside in the world men were struggling for jobs and women were going without food that their children might eat. She was standing aside doing nothing—nothing! Scornfully she applied to herself the words of a German poet: 'I use my love of others for a gilding to make myself more fair.'"

Long before she had formed the desire to live among the poor. "She would rent a house in some shabby district and be a neighbor to the poor, go hand in hand with the workers, trade her culture for the knowledge of humanity. Perhaps other young women also would leave the stuffy libraries with her and walk in the freshness of the streets. As a girl of six she had cried, 'When I am a grown-up lady, I want to live right next door to poor people and the children can play in my yard.'" She took into her confidence her traveling companion, Ellen Starr, who in later years joined the Catholic Church and

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retired to a convent. Miss Starr was enthusiastic. She joined Miss Addams in the plan and the two together returned to America and in 1889 located themselves in an old house on Halsted Street in the midst of one of the worst districts of that turbulent city of the eighties and early nineties. Hull House grew. It became the center for training of many of the great leaders of social work in this country. It became the proving ground for social theories and the source of guidance of social legislation to prevent the evils with which Miss Addams and her co-workers had to deal. Hull House became a real friend of the dozen or more nationalities which surrounded the place, and its influence went out for social understanding, for social justice not only throughout the city of Chicago but throughout the nation.

Miss Addams was destined by the great success of her work to become a leader in many common causes for the benefit of those farthest down the human ladder. She took part in state-wide movements for social betterment, became a leader in national campaigns for social justice and eventually, when clouds of war came, she went forth upon the international scene to do what she could to prevent war and stop its ravages. She was rewarded in all of these enterprises by the confidence of people in all walks of life. She was elected to the headship of great social organizations. She founded the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1931.

The story of her life told in this volume is one of simple living and high thinking. There is no magic or glamor about it. She did in a large way what hundreds of others could do, to a degree at least, in achieving a purpose for the betterment of conditions under which men, women and children must live. The book has a high inspirational value and should be widely read. Four pages of bibliography are appended which gives a part of the long list of tributes and explanations of the work of Miss Addams and Hull House.

John A. Lapp.

Macedonians

Heroes and Assassins, by Stoyan Christowe. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.00.

THERE is a little-known land in southeastern Europe of which the most inveterate newspaper reader knows only that it has been one of the danger spots of Europe for more than half a century—Macedonia. The author of this book is an American newspaper man of Macedonian birth who was sent several times to the Balkans to look into this powder keg; the result of his trips, besides some undoubtedly thrilling contacts, is "Heroes and Assassins."

After centuries of sufferings from Turkish barbarism and oppression, Macedonia, that ancient land, the very boundaries of which are hard to be determined, was freed from the Turkish yoke in 1913, and was divided among Bulgaria, Serbia and Greece. The Treaty of Versailles, however, took the larger part of Bulgaria's share, and allotted it to the other two Balkan powers. The

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Macedonians, who are largely Bulgarians, deeply resented the frustration of their hopes for an autonomous state of Macedonia, and embittered by Serbian efforts to denationalize them, they had recourse to their old revolutionary organization, the Imro. This powerful secret society deemed no means illegitimate to achieve its patriotic aims and made the world shudder at the echo of its terrorism.

One reads Mr. Christowe's passionate and occasionally racy account of this strange world with mixed feelings: the perennial injustices and cruelties wrought upon this unhappy people by present and past oppressors will revolt any human being of normal ethical standards; still, the western mind will be shocked no less at the practises of the *comitadjis* of the Imro. The society has recently been suppressed by the Bulgarian government but its chiefs escaped to Turkey, and continue their underground activities, harbored by that age-old enemy of Bulgaria, Irredenta: their latest deed, the assassination of King Alexander of Jugoslavia, threatened to set the whole world upside down. Despite his ardent Macedonian sympathies, Mr. Christowe clearly sees the moral flaws inherent in terrorism; still, his turbulent fervor here and there bewilders the reader. But with all his chaotic enthusiasm, he will command the attention of those interested in the involved machinery of European politics, today a vital topic.

ARPAD STEINER.

A Convenient Synthesis

Mediaeval History, Europe from the Fourth to the Sixteenth Century, by Carl Stephenson. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

TO ONE who has for several years been an interested examiner of school and college textbooks in medieval history, this volume appears at once unbiased, authoritative and interesting. It is, of course, some years ago that historians, who were otherwise quite competent craftsmen, dismissed the subject of medieval philosophy with the hackeneyed generalization about the angels (or was it saints?) dancing on the point of a needle. Then it took a deal of research to illuminate some of the obscurantism of that much maligned Dark Age. Then again it required real authorities like Haskins, Taylor, De Wulf and Rand to prevent lesser lights from depicting the final flowering of the Renaissance as a spontaneous outburst of culture in the sixteenth century. Those who have kept abreast of their recent historiography are quite aware of these corrections and countless others. The student and layman, however, will find a book like Professor Stephenson's a pleasing revelation as well as a convenient synthesis. The running comment in the bibliography will prove especially useful. The maps, diagrams and illustrations embellish a trustworthy and spirited text, which is really detailed enough to make good reading.

Finally, one is gratified to add that the volume is quite worthy of its dedication to Charles Homer Haskins, now professor emeritus of medieval history at Harvard.

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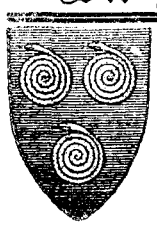
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Briefer Mention

Their Own Apartment, by Dorothy Aldis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

A BRIDE is taken by her groom to live temporarily with her many hearty and vociferous in-laws. How that temporary arrangement continues until it seems to the bride that she and her new husband will never know the joys of their own apartment, and the situations, intended to be comic as well as grave, which arise in this American domestic circus—situated on the outskirts of Chicago—provide this distinctly ephemeral novel. If "Their Own Apartment" has any amusement value whatsoever, it would be apparent to feminine readers only, for its incidents occur entirely within the domestic routine. In the hands of Thorne Smith such a situation might have been riotous, even if not quite respectable. Mrs. Aldis is content with attempting gaity. She makes no effort for solid characterization, but her sketches are not without some shrewdness.

The Ancient World, by T. R. Glover. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

MR. GLOVER is a Cambridge don, and we gather that the said dons are unusually beguiling. "The Ancient World" seeks to introduce the amateur to life in the Greek and Roman world by making geographical, political and cultural situations very concrete—we had almost said very modern. It would, we believe, be difficult to find a rival to this book in its own field. Just the thing for the high-school senior or the college freshman, it can be read with real delight by anybody who wishes to begin the study of life in antiquity.

The Literary Education of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, by Cyril Clemens. Webster Groves, Missouri: International Mark Twain Society. $1.00.

MR. CLEMENS has reprinted two lectures which, while undisguisedly eulogistic, bring together much interesting information concerning President Roosevelt's literary training and his attitude toward books. One of the most interesting anecdotes has to do with the future Chief Executive's first meeting with Mark Twain. It is a useful little book, which may some day be a collector's item.

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